M. Alexandre Bisson is evidently the nam Davis of France At any rate it is fe to say that if Mr. Davis, who though Harvard graduate is best known as the "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak iodel," had been a Frenchman he would are written "Madame X" and written it long time before M. Bisson did, at that. Madame X" came to the New Amsardam Theatre last evening after a long and triumphant stay in Chicago. They gave four matinées of the play the last week of its stay in the Lake capital and stood 'em up at every performance. One scarcely knows why Chicago should have been deprived of the piece while its appetite was still so keen.

o matter. Chicago has not seen the ast of "Madame. X." for that lady is apparently destined to tour the entire country from West to East and North to South before she concludes her American travels. A very large audience said "Welcome to our city" to her last evening and greeted her with shouts and applause and sniffles and blowings of the nose and furtive wipings of the eyes. It was a damp evening at the New Amsterdam. Is "Madame X" a thriller? In the

affirmative one would speedily answer this so pointed query. If you do not believe it, or if you do or if you have no notions whatever upon the subject, regard, pray, the following narrative extraor-

Jacqueline Floriot abandoned her young husband and their baby boy in favor of a lover. The lover died and she returned to her husband, who drove her from the house. Thus endeth the prologue.

Twenty years later the lady, after roving the world over, returns to Paris as the mistress of a crook. She is broken in health, a drug fiend and practically in the terr. Her lover learns the secret of her to is on the point of discovering of her was is on the point of discovering that her comer husband is now an eminent judge and evidently plans to use this knowledge in blackmail. To prevent this

knowledge in blackmail. To prevent this the woman shoots him dead.

Oh, no, this is notithe "big scene." Not by much. In the twenty years of her absence the woman's baby son has grown into a fine young lawyer. Of course he is assigned by the Court to defend his mother, who is being tried for her life. Does he know she is his mother? Certainly not. Would you spoil the p'ay?

The "big scene" of the piece of course is the trial scene when the son pleads with the jury not to send his mother to the guillotine, while she, sitting above him in the prisoner's dock, yearns upon him. in the prisoner's dock, yearns upon him. Through it all she declines to answer any questions, explain her motives for the crime to reveal her identity. Why? Obviously for the same reason that drove her to kill her lover. She killed him to prevent harm and disgrace from coming to her boy and her former husband. She will die for the same noble purpose. The boy, overheard by his father, who has entered the court room and recoghas entered the court room and recognized the defendant, makes a good speech in favor of his client and the jury acquits her, whereupon she declares that she wanted to die and faints. It is clear that she is near death but before that she is his mother and she has a more than the contract of hoppings in her son.

that she is his mother and she has a moment or two of happiness in her son's arms before the end.

Now this is all frankly melodrama. Most people do not expect any great faithfulness to the probabilities in melodrama and as a rule they are not disappointed. Nor will they be disappointed in "Madame X." The thing was written candidly as a thriller and if one may judge from the behavior of last night's audiences the purpose with which it was written was fulfilled.

The spectacle of a boy pleading all unconsciously for the life of his mother in the presence of the father who has spent twenty years in vainly regretting his treatment of that mother has obviously great potentialities for moving an audience. And there is no question that

ously great potentialities for moving an audience. And there is no question that it moved last night's audience, and will in all probability move many more. There were whirlwinds of the highly

There were whirlwinds of the highly genuine applause after every curtain and frequent outbreaks of enthusiasm during the progress of the acts.

The tired business man and his wife, who are supposed to leave their brains at home when they go to the theatre, ought to have a great time at this show. As for the sophisticated, they will find food for reflection in the behavior of the other elements of the audience.

Mr. Savage could scarcely have taken more pains in the choice of a cast if he had been staging the latest masterpiece of Edmond Rostand. Miss Dorothy Donnelly, an emotional actress of wide experience, had the title part. Her acting was vivid throughout.

In the second act she gave a highly veracious and convincing sketch of a

wretched drug fiend who yet had enough decency left to be willing to protect her son's happiness at any cost to herself. It was not a pleasant study, but from the theatrical point of view it was exceedingly effective and if later on she had to do incredible things it was not her fault. She did them well.

Robert Drouet played the husband in his usual manly and dignified style. William Elliott puts lots of feeling into the character of the son, while Robert Paton Gibbs, who was the original Gecko in "Trilby," was exceedingly good as the

in "Trilby," was exceedingly good as the man who hopelessly loved the faithless

Others in the cast were Malcolm Williams, Harry C. Bradley, who contributed a capital bit as a hotel porter; Miss Deidre Doyle, Miss Cecil Kern, W. H. Denny and Charles E. Verner. "Madame X" is artless in the extreme.
It seems likely to have a prosperous career. What does that prove? Almost anything you like.

No Phipps Reconciliation.

Lawrence C. Phipps sailed yesterday for the Mediterranean with his seventeen-year-old daughter. Emma L. Phipps. declaring the reports that he and his former wife were to be reunited were untrue. He said that there was not the remotest probability of Mrs. Phipps and himself remarrying; that they had been divorced five years ago for good and all. hie said also that so far as he was personally concerned he did not mind the erroneous reports, but that he feared that they must be very trying to Mrs. Phipps.

Mrs. Max Shapiro of 521 New Jersey avenue. East New York, found a thief In her flat last night when she returned from the theatre. While struggling with him she managed to slip her diamond solitaire and her wedding ring from her finger and get them out of sight under a corner of a rug. Her husband, who had been with her to the theatre and had stopped at the flat of his brother-in-law, came in five minutes later and found Mrs. Shapiro unconscious on the floor from the choking the thief gave her. The tobber entered and left by a rear window. in her flat last night when she returned

Fire Driver Hurt in Avoiding & Child. Frederick Mayer, driver of Truck 141, in Bay Ridge avenue near Third avenue, Brooklyn, and Edward McNally, one of the crew, were seriously hurt last night at Third avenue and Sixty-fourth street when the truck was overturned. Mayer ran the truck against an elevated rail-road nillar to avoid running over a little girl. His skull was fractured and his left arm broken.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

O. F. Thomas, the former banker and business partner of E. R. Thomas, who built up a fortune only to lose most of it in the panic, has begu a again at the beginning. The foundation of his for-tune was laid in the manufacture of silver plated ware in a small concern at Lyons, N. Y., whence he emerged as organizer of the silverware trust, the International Silver Company. Now he is endeavoring to rehabilitate his fortunes as manager and part owner of a small silver plate factory at Salamancs, N. Y. Mr. Thomas took hold of the plant six months ago, when the working force consisted of only when the working force consisted of only eight men. He now employs fifty.

"Covering a story" is a newspaper ex pression with a wide range of meaning. The other afternoon a facetious city editor stretched it a bit. "Mr. Jinks," he said to one of his reporters, "some one down on —— street has just been seriously hurt by falling into an open manhole; will you go down and cover it?"

"Of course," said the girl, "postal cards are very convenient when you just have a few words to say, but the trouble is you know everything you write will be carefully read by some fresh person through

fully read by some fresh person through whose hands it will have to pass before reaching its destination, so you have to be very careful of what you say."

"You ought to try my stunt," answered her friend. "I take my mirror and write it backward so that it looks to be unintelligent sorawling if the key to reading it doesn't happen to occur to the curious person. Last summer in the mountains I got a lot of fresh postals from Harold which the postmistress seemed to enjoy very much. She even spoke to me about them. I was furious so I wrote a letter to Harold and told him about my backward writing trick.

to Harold and told him about my backward writing trick.

"A few days later I went to get my mail and the lady threw a postal at me with a glare meant to annihilate me. 'Some of your friends haven't very many manners,' she snapped at me.

"I took the postal outside and deciphered it. It was from Harold and very brief: 'Dear friend, the other side of the moon is not made of green cheese, if you should ever become curious about it. Now put this in its right box and go on sorting and remember what happened to the cat."

A well known clergyman who has recently joined a prominent uptown club noted some of his acquaintances gathered around a stock ticker in the club a few days ago and joined them.

"So this is one of the stock tickers I've heard so much about," he remarked in the most indifferent manner. "This is the little instrument that records the sales the instant they are made, is it?"

The clergyman watched the tape a minute and the tape was telling a story of a bad break in the market. Presently his indifference disappeared.

his indifference disappeared.
"What's that!" he ejaculated excitedly.
"St. Paul, 148! Great heavens!"

It isn't often that New York can boast of a tip turned down. The other day a young woman of Central Park West went to a photograph studio for sittings.

"The girl who assisted me with my change of costumes," she said, "although it was not her rightful work, was so or twas not her rightful work, was so quick and so quiet that I was charmed. She even repacked my bag after folding my gowns carefully. As I was going I handed her all the silver I had. She graciously returned it. I begged her pardon and hurried out, resolved to let up on the tipping habit somewhat and give human nature a chance."

The old time sprinkling carts have been abolished in Central Park and oil sprinkling carts are now used on the drives there and on Riverside Drive

drives there and on Riverside Drive. This is a great improvement for horse vehicles as well as for automobiles.

The oil not only keeps down the dust but helps to bind the road material. One sprinkling is good for several weeks. The odor disappears in an hour or two. This kind of sprinkling costs less than the old water wagons. A mixture is made of oil, chip soap, water and other things.

In the Bronx parkways oil sprinkling has been found to be the only thing that would keep down the dust.

The practice of posting hospital streets does very well as far, as hushing traffic goes, but as a quiet neighbor the hospital itself may be something of a failure At least this is true of one such retreat.

"We moved into a hospital neighborhood," said an exasperated woman, "because my husband has to sleep late and wants quiet. But the scream of the signal whistle that is used to call the doctors to duty and rout out the ambulances shatters his dreams repeatedly.

"Why do they use such a thing instead of a telephone or an electric button?' I asked him one morning when the piercing call woke us with a start.

"It's a precuation they take to keep the patients from sleeping too much,' my husband growled." "We moved into a hospital neighbor-

Washington Society Notes. WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—The Hon. Miss

Rachel Kay Shuttleworth of England entertained a small company of young people at luncheon to-day at the British Embassy. Miss Shuttleworth is spending the winter here visiting her brotherin-law and sister, the Military Attaché of the British Embassy, and the Hon. Mrs. James.

Mrs. Beekman Winthrop, wife of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was among those entertaining at Juncheon to-day, the guest of honor being Miss

to-day, the guest ownonor being Miss Ethel Roosevelt.

The Bachelors gave the third and last of their cotillons this season to-night, in the New Willard. Mrs. Wickersham, wife of the Attorney-General, received the guests. William Hitt led. Among the guests were Miss Ethel Roosevelt, Representative and Mrs. Nicholas Long-worth and the Misses Anderson, nieces of Mrs. Taft.

The German Ambassador and Countess

The German Ambassador and Countess on Bernstorff entertained a dinner comvon Bernstorff entertained a dinner com-pany, this evening.

The Swiss Minister and Senator and Mrs. Elkins were also dinner hosts to-night.

night.
Senator and Mrs. Depew have cards
out for a reception on Friday evening,
February 4, to meet the Republican
Editorial Association of New York from

9 to 12. No Fee for Hope Booth's Lawyer.

Supreme Court Justice Hendrick granted \$25 a week alimony yesterday o Hope Booth, the actress, who has brought suit for a separation from her usband, Rennold Wolf, but said he would husband, Rennold Wolf, but said he would grant no counsel fee because her lawyer, Maurice Meyer, must have known when he began the action that it was without merit. The Court declared that the allegations of the actress were so extravagant and were denied so strongly that they appear to be imaginary.

Among the passengers by the United Fruit Company's new steamship Zacapa. which sails to-day on her first trip to the West Indies, Colon and Santa Marta, are Mr. and Mrs. Campbell H Chittenden Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Watson, Pope Yeatman Miss Edica Kingsbury and Mr. and Mrs. R

Dixon.
Sailing by the French liner La Bretagne

Old Fashioned Buck wheat

NEW YORK SLOW IN ART

FINER SHOWS IN OTHER TOWNS, J. W. ALEXANDER LAMENTS.

National Academy Willing to Erect a Building With Room for All if the City Gives a Site-But Generally Speaking Art Is Flourishing In U. S

"Art is a hard road to travel," said John W. Alexander, the painter, to the old boys of the Schools of Science and Architecture of Columbia last night at the Hotel Astor.

"I remember," he continued, "a family out in the middle West years ago. There was one son, John, a steady fellow, who was apprenticed to a blacksmith. John plugged away, saved money and got married. But Henry had notions in his head. His fingers insisted on rambling over sheets of paper and strange things, crude strivings of an artistic resulted. Finally he prevailed nature. on his father to give him money enough to go to Paris and study art.

A year or two later an old friend of the family called at the house. is John?' she asked. 'Married and doing fine,' she was told. 'And Henry?' 'Oh, Henry is over in Paris studying art.' She paused a moment and shook her head. 'And his father is such a worthy man,' she said after a while."

Mr. Alexander commented laughingly on the difficulty in making people understand that artists really need brea and butter as well as paints and pills Some folks seemed to think that they existed just like seraphim and cherubim and fed on manna or other easily obtained varieties of free lunch.

"Once," he said "I took an old colored man to my studio. I wanted his head, as I remember. He seemed so interested in the studies I had around that I took pleasure in showing them to him some pleasure in showing them to him. He said:
"'Boss, how much does you all charge

foh dis yah?' pointing to a picture.

"Oh, about \$50 if I'm lucky,' I said.
"Did you evah sell any?' he asked.
Cooperation, Mr. Alexander said, turning to more serious topics, is the spirit of the age. In this city and elsewhere he had noticed a tendency for exceptions and artists and artists to cooperate and

scientists and artists to cooperate, The result, as it seemed to him, is that a wave of art interest is spreading all "But I wish that New York city would

over the country.

"But I wish that New York city would take more interest in one imperative need," he said. "New York should be the salon of the whole country. It isn't. Other cities have larger and finer exhibitions of pictures every year than we do, because they provide adequate space for the hanging of pictures at exhibitions.

"What we need here is a permanent building for that purpose. If the city would give us a site the National Academy of Design would be glad to put up the building. [Applause.] At the last exhibition we held there were 1.600 pictures offered. Only a small portion of them could be displayed for lack of space. We need a building of that kind. As it is now pictures that should be shown in New York are sent to other cities."

Besides Mr. Alexander the guests of honor of the Columbia men were Dr. Rossiter W. Raymond, Thomas B. Stearns, John A. Bensel, Walter H. McIlroy, William H. McElroy and Dr. Rudolph Tombo, Jr.

President Nicholas Murray, Butler of

President Nicholas Murray Butler of the university, who had been in Albany, arrived late at the dinner and was cheered. There were about 500 members of the alumni associations present.

LAITY IN PAULIST JUBILEE.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Elbert Hubbard in Vaudeville-Miss Mary Moore Leaves Us.

Elbert Hubbard, so Manager Martin Beck announces, is to enter vaudeville at the Majestic Theatre in Chicago on Monday, March 14. He will appear twice daily in what he calls "Heart to Heart Talks," which will be changed from time to time.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson has virtually completed arrangements with his brother. Ian Robertson, to come to America next autumn with his English company to present "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" on a tour of the smaller American cities and towns which Mr. Forbes-Robertson himself will not be able to visit with his company from Maxine Elliott's Theatre. Ian Robertson is at present playing "The Passer-By" in the English provinces. He has visited this country with his brother

on previous tours.

Mabel Barrison and Harry Conor, who concluded their tour in the "Blue Mouse" last Saturday, will be seen together soon

concluded their tour in the "Blue Mouse" last Saturday, will be seen together soon in a new adaptation of a German farcical piece which the Shuberts will produce under the title of "Lulu's Husbands."

Haddon Chambers, the English playwright, is writing a musical comedy for production in America by Charles Dillingham. It is entitled "The Best Girl." The score will be by John L. Golden.

Henry B. Harris has engaged John Slavin as the principal comedian in his first musical production, "A Skylark."

This afternoon's performance of "The Watcher" at the Comedy Theatre will be a special matinée for clergymen. A number of well known actors also have been invited to attend.

It is announced that this is the last season that Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe's arrangements include her appearance in England and Australia in Shakespearian plays. Mr. Sothern's plans are at present withheld, except that he is to remain in New York for an entire season.

Mary Moore, Sir Charles Wyndham's leading woman in "The Molluse," which closed at the Empire on Saturday night, sailed by the White Star liner Celtic vesterday for the Mediterranean. She has not been in robust health, and her physician advised a change to a more genial atmosphere. Miss Moore's understudy will take her place on the road with Sir Charles.

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LEE OF ELIZABETH STREET

HE DIED ON THE SPOT WHERE HE HAD LIVED FOR 86 YEARS.

Born There When the Open Country Lay Just Above 14th Street-He Stuck to Old Home Through Many Changes Saw East Side Change Its Language.

This is the modest story of Richard Lee. He died on Monday in his room on the second floor back of the tenement house at 238 Elizabeth street. He had lived on that plot of ground for eightysix years, and during the last half of that time he had his nephew, John Carey. for company. "And what good was I to him when he was that sick?" said Carey yesterday. "It was a woman he wanted, not the likes o' me.

Richard Lee was born in the old frame louse that was there before the tenenent house, in the days when open country lay north of Fourteenth street and little Irish boys, fike Richard Lee could go up there and build shacks and steal apples and harry the farmers. His parents, Patrick and Hannah Lee, came from Ireland. They were the first couple that Bishop Connelly joined in old St. Patrick's on Mott street. The church itself was only twelve years or so old when Bishop Connelly married them.

The boy was taught the trade of a stone mason. There are blocks that he squared in the County Court House, and when Central Park was laid out it was Richard

Central Park was laid out it was hichard Lee who helped to trim the stone in the arches and the buildings.

"In them days," says John Carey, "the boys had to stay all day in the cold. He's told me many's the time that he drank his tea cold out of his pail and ate a piece o' meat and a slice o' bread out o' doors for the want of a place to go into. It's different now with the saloons on the corner, where a man can drop in for a drink and a bowlo' soup and such. But maybe they're where a man can drop in for a drink and a bowl o' soup and such. But maybe they're no better off after all for the likes o' that. John Carey is 60 years old. He has rust red hair that has all sorts of obstinate twists in it. Since Richard Lee built a four story tenement on the site of his father's old frame house it is John Carey, his nephew, who has been the ianitor.

ianitor.

"He was father and mother to me,"
said Carey. "When my own mother and
father died it was him took me in and
gave me a home." Carey looked around
the mite of a bare kitchen where he and Archbishop Presides at Their Meeting in Carney looked around the mite of a bare kitchen where he and the old man used to get their meals. And I'm wondering what would ever have become o' me but for him. Sure, the bration of the golden jubilee of the Paulist Fathers last evening when a monster meeting was held in Carnegie Hall. A musical programme was given by an orchestra and the organist and choir master and the men's and boys' choir of St. Paul's Church.

Morgan J. O'Brien introduced Archbishop Farley as presiding officer. The Archbishop said that it had been his privilege to know Father Hecker, the founder of the Paulists, intimately for the last twenty-five years of Father Hecker's life.

He spoke of the Paulists, intimately for the last twenty-five years of Father Hecker said: "We want to do Archbishop Hughes for work to do, when Pather Hecker said: "We want to do what nobody else is doing, and we will do it with our might." Archbishop Hughes for work to do, when had the relied: "You are the men we want." "And." said Mgr. Farley. "It is the splendid results of their work that we are celebrating to-night."

Judge Thomas C. O'Sullivan said: "The power of the Paulist Fathers has borne magnificent fruit. So little do the service of the Paulist Fathers has borne magnificent fruit. So little do the Paulist Father home until the Paulist of A Paulist Father home until the Paulist himself has faced eternity.

Walter George Smith of Philadelphia and Bourke Cockran made addresses.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

daughter of Mrs. William Norris, were married at 8:30 o'clock last night in All Angels Episcopal Church by the Rev. Dr. S. De Lancey Townsend. Mrs. Henry Clarke Coe and Mrs. George P. Biggs were the matrons of honor. The bridesmalds were the Misses Marguerite G. K. Watson, Grace Isabelle Ashwell, Isabelle Allan, Eva Wilkinson, Augusta Browning Prentice and Miss Adele Acker. The best man was Lieutenant-Commander F. B. Bassett, U. S. N., of Philadelphia, and the ushers, all in uniform, were Lieut. Artquorf, Lieutenant-Commander L. S. Thompson, Lieut. Guy Whitlock, Lieut. R. P. McCullough, Paymaster G. C. Schoffer, Surgeon C. M. Oman, Ensign P. N. L. Bellinger. The ushers were assisted by a squad of seamen from the recruiting ship Hancock. After the ceremony the ushers formed an arch with crossed swords, under which the couple passed. A reception followed in the ball-room of the Hotel Majestic.

Dickinson-Minard.

POUGRKEEPSIE, Feb. 2 .- Miss Alice Bond Minard and Charles Monroe Dickinson wer married at 4 P. M. at the home of the bride married at 4 P. M. at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elias Gerow Minard, at 18 Franklip street. The bridegroom is the editor of a Binghamton paper and for a number of years filled places in the American foreign service, acting as Consulgeneral in Turkey, Minister to Bulgaria and diplomatic agent in Bulgaria. It was through his efforts that negotiations for the release of Miss Ellen M. Stone, American missionary, were successfully carried out with Bulgarian brigands.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. S. W. Adriance of Winchester, Mass., an uncle of Miss Minard. The bridal couple stood before an altar arranged under an arch of yellow roses. Mrs. G. H. Dickinson was matron of honor. The bridesmaids were Miss Julia W. Wheeler of this city and Miss Harriet Virginia Fisher of New York city. Miss Margaret Adriance, cousin of the bride, was flower girl.

The marriage of Virginius D. Moody and Miss Louise Acker, daughter of Mrs. Augustine Banks, took place at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the home of the bride's mother, 117 West Seventy-fifth street. The Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stires, rector of The Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stires, rector of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, performed the ceremony. Miss Adele Acker, a sister of the bride, was maid of honor. Master Francis F. Storm, Jr., and Miss Louise Banks Lott were the ribbon bearers. Frank R. Moody, a brother of the bridegroom, was the best man, and the ushers were Charles L. Acker, Edmund Ramsay, M. Ellis and Capt. von Lillenthal. A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride in West Seventy-fifth street.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.-Miss Lillian Chew

daughter of John Chew, was married this afternoon to Upshur Moorehead. The wedding took place in the residence of wedding took place in the residence of Mrs. Titan J. Coffey, the bride's grandmother. Her sister, Miss Evelyn Chew, as maid of honor, was her only attendant. James Phillips was best man. Bishop Harding performed the corremany, assisted by the Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, rector of St. Joseph's Episcopal Church. Only a small gathering was present. The bride is an intimate friend of Miss Erhel Roosevelt, who was among the guests at the wedding.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

It is an interesting fact that the disinguished authors of "In After Days" are. with the exception of Mr. Henry James most of them over 70 years of age. The oldest are the Hon. John Bigelow, who is 92; Julia Ward Howe, who has almost reached 91, and to quote her own words is "heading straight for the century mark," and Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, now about 87. Mr. Howells is 71 and Mr. Henry M. Alden is approaching 72.

In a volume entitled "The Women of state University," just published, Helen R. Olin has set forth the results of investigation into the problem of coeducation She has made a special study of conditions prevailing at the University of Wisconsin in the hope that the experience of this great university which has been graduatng women for forty years may be of help as well as of interest.

Spinoza's "Short Treatise on God, Mar and His Well Being" is being published in an English translation. Prof. A. Wolf has made the translation and edited it with an introduction and commentary.

"A monstrous untidy bazaar," and as ugly as can be," is the description which Mme. Modjeska wrote of New York on her first sight of it. These first impressions taken from intimate letters are an interesting feature of Mme. Modjeska's 'Memoirs," which appear in the February Century. The writer deals also with the ups and downs of a communal colony in California and of Mme. Modieska's first struggles and successes on the American

Mr. B. L. Putnam Weale, who has written much concerning the Far East, has a novel new being published under the title of "The Human Cobweb." laid in Pekin immediately after the seizure of Port Arthur by the Russians, and the story is concerned with the European concession hunters who overran the capital at that time.

"Jane Austen and Her Country House comedy," to be published soon, is a sympathetic and complete account of Jane Austen's personality and literary activities, written by W. H. Helm. Although Mr. Helm is an admirer of Jane Austen's work he does not show that excessive partiality which weakens the appreciation of many writers. For instance he says "For those who regard Jane Austen's work as equally excellent in every part, no patience is possible."

Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" is having uch a success in England that it is being played twice daily. The emblem the Blue Bird has become a mascot and it is being manufactured in vast numbers.

Another attempt has been made to write the life of Henry Fielding, that elusive personality in literature who has left such meagre records of his career as to make the chronicle of his life the despair of biographers. The latest study of Fieldwho has from the annals of an ancient lawsuit, parish record and contemporary newspapers succeeded in adding something to the details already known concerning Fielding's father, his marriage, and the birth of the little daughter to whom he refers so feelingly in the "Journey From This World to the Next." She also reprints Andrew Miller's receipt for the payment to Fielding of £600 for "Tom Jones," a receipt the existence of which until a short time ago had been doubted. As may be expected, it was dated more than six months before the

Mrs. Bellamy Storer contributes to the February North American Review an article on the "Decadence of France Mrs. Storer identifies the decadence of France with the exclusion of all religious years it has been issued. sentiment from the schools and the text books. The article concludes with: She [France] is indeed fallen. Nothing can lift her up again to her place among the great world Powers except a united effort to throw off the bondage of an odious tyranny. Any French patriot worthy of the name who denies her decadence is one of the blind who will no see. He is an ostrich who thrusts his head obstinately into the sand. We shall see the sal ration of Prance only on the day when we may behold her snatched from degradation and once more upheld by the two great pillars—Religion

Sir Frederick Treves's much reprinted account of a leisurely tour of the world, The Other Side of the Lantern," is to be epublished in a new and cheaper edition. Sir Frederick is Sergeant-Surgeon to the King. Accordingly on his tour he was favored with unique opportunities for intimate observations of the countries he has visited which do not readily presen themselves to the ordinary tourist. In explanation of the curious title of the boo the preface reads: "A paper lantern round and red, hangs under a cloud of cherry blossoms in a Japanese village. There is a very familiar symbol painted ipon one side of it. Some children have prossed the green to see what is on the other side of the lantern. A like curiosity has led to the writing of this trivial book.

In connection with the recent change of form in Harper's Basar a great flood of correspondence has rolled in upon the editor, from which an interesting fact has been established; namely, that there are in America many hundreds of wome who have read the Basar from its first issue, published forty-two years ago. There are also hundreds of other women who have read it from the times their mothers' hands laid it down and who call themselves the "daughters" of the Bazar. The granddaughters form, however, the most stirring band of all. They are reReduction of 20%

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Here's "Binks" again-that droll young person whose capers caused so much laughter "The Memoirs of a Baby." He's a little bit older now and funnier-very much funnier-in this new story. The fun is for all grown-ups, married or not. Rose O'Neill has made fifty pictures for the book-reproduced in sienna-the kind you'll see framed before long in half the homes you visit. Post 8vo. Cloth, \$1.50.

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have had the magazine during all the Bachelor, Salambo, Irish Wit. PRATT, 16: 518 av.

Prof. Vinogradoff of Oxford University, author of "Roman Law in Mediæval Europe," declares that "there is no more puzzling problem in the whole of history than the persistence of this law after the downfall of the Roman State." will be specially impressed by the state-ment of Prof. Vinogradoff that "there is no English account of the mediæval life of Roman law similar to the masterly tract of Modderman and Below," as well as by his good fortune in having been permitted to use during the preparation ingt of his work such original docum the manuscripts of Vacarius's "Liber Pauperum," lent by the Dean of Worcester. The professor says of his book: "The story is in a sense a ghost story, for it treats of the second life of Roman law after the demise of the body in which

it first saw the light." An amusing story is told of Josephine Daskam' Bacon and Rose O'Neill, author and illustrator respectively of the new book "The Biography of a Boy." O'Neill, who is herself a writer and author

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and brother playwright of Booth Tara ington. When The Biography of a Boy was first arranged for serial publication and the subject of filtstration was de-cussed, Miss Jordan, the editor, said must cussed, Miss Jordan, the editor, said "saily," of course you will want Mrs. Missan to do the pictures?" "No indeed!" decl red the author. "There is just one parson who shall make those pictures, and that is Rose O'Neill." So the editor compromised with the best grace on Tasse O'Neill.

William law, who was arrested on Tuesday evening on the charge of entio old, child of John Perry of 267 Cooper of "The Lady in the White Veil," is the wife of Harry Leon Wilson, the novelist \$2,000 bail for trial at Special Sessions.

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